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LYRICS

BY

LLOYD MIFFLIN, Litt. D.



THE HOFFER PRESS

UNDER THE MAPLES, MOUNT JOY, PENNSYLVANIA

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"O TENDER LIGHT."

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

O dreamful woodland stark with age!
Deserted, desolate leaf-strewn ways!
Your pathos now can ill assuage
The pang that comes from other days;

O faded grasses, paled with frost,
That mark the course of frozen streams,
As poems writ when love is lost
Show the hushed poet's buried dreams;

O tender light that gently grieves
O'er phantom uplands, ghostly gray,
And on the waste of Evening leaves
Pale ashes of the dying day:

Ah, fading light! Oh, fallen leaf!
Ah, frozen fields love made divine!
Ye seemle but a season's grief,
But Oh! the endlessness of mine!

A MIDNIGHT CHORD.

PARIS

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN.

I.

'Twas midnight in the lamp-lit garret room ;
From the rich cello, with impassioned bow,
A rapt soul drew the pathos. Hushed in gloom
They listened, breathless, to the plainting low.

II.

Two lovers, mutely clinging hand-in-hand,
Stared at the havoc of the coming years ;
The lonely sculptor from a foreign land
Gave way at last and melted into tears.

III.

Then one walked to the window and looked up
Shaken with grief, remembering long-lost lips ;
As memory passed to all her wormwood cup
Youth seemed a phantom over sunken ships.

IV.

Then one by one they sought the silent night ;
Each hoarding in the heart a sorrow, veiled ;
Delicious pain had left their faces white,
And still the music, gently poignant, wailed.

THE TRAMPLED VIOLETS.

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN.

'Twas blossom-time anear and far,
As down the quiet woodland dale
My love went wandering, sorrow-pale,
Where all the early violets are.

Alone she walked in tender rue,
For I had hurt her gentler mood;
I watched, and saw her where she stood—
Her foot upon the flowers blue.

Then, as she passed in sweet disdain,
I plucked, and pressed them to my heart;
She saw, and she forgave the smart
With lips, Oh fonder for the pain!

And as we clung with rapturous breath,
While evening darkened all the air,
I hid the fragrance in her hair,
And swore that love should outlast death.

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The years, —how dim and far, O Love!
Yet still the violets greet the glen;
But thou wilt never come again
From amaranthine fields above!

BY THE STORM-SWEPT SEA.

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN.

Lone, desolate reaches of the twilight dunes
Crowned with the wind-bent pine,
Where phantom fingers harp forboding runes
Learned of the mystic brine.

Wan, ashen pools amid the mournful sands;
Reeds, —moaning round the brink;
And through the gloom, the ghost of frantic hands
Appealing, ere they sink.

Great voices, calling from the outer deep,
Imperious, and profound,—
A summons from the eternal caves of sleep
Borne, without sense of sound.

O love! cling closer in the fading light!
The winds begin to wail,
And many a ship, storm-beaten through the night,
Shall perish in the gale!

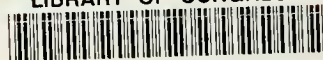
Cling closer—closer in the gathering gray!
Let the wild breakers roll!
Safe moored are we within the quiet bay—
Love's harbor of the soul.

FIFTEEN COPIES ONLY OF THIS BOOK WERE PRINTED,
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